

MR. CRIMMINS HEADS CONVENTION WORKERS

Prominent Business Man and Democrat Consents to Lead the Delegation Which Will Present the City's Claim to the Democratic National Committee.

President Fornes Will Also Go to Washington and Urge the Selection of This City—Railroads Promise Big Subscriptions—Much Work Is Still to Be Done.

John D. Crimmins, one of the foremost Democrats of the country, and Charles V. Fornes, the President of the Board of Aldermen of New York, have agreed to head the committee which will work to bring the Democratic National Convention to New York City in June, 1904. Others will act with these gentlemen and The Evening World, which started the fund to defray the expenses of the convention by giving \$5,000. To this fund has been added \$1,000 by Fred Thompson, of the firm of Thompson & Dundy, proprietors of Luna Park, and promises of large subscriptions from all of the railroads that run into New York.

There is no doubt that these railroads will subscribe liberally, but even with their subscriptions and the subscriptions promised by the New York Hotel Men's Association, those promised by the theatrical men, headed by Sam Shubert, subscriptions that will come from the elevated and surface railways and subscriptions from the owners of the big New York department stores, there must be still others to make the convention in New York a certainty.

NEW YORK MUST WORK HARD.

As The Evening World has pointed out, New York has a most excellent chance for the convention; but New York must show its usual liberality and its usual civic pride.

The railroads that can be depended upon to add to the fund started by The Evening World are the New York Central and the West Shore, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Lehigh and the Jersey Central. The last four named are awaiting action by the New York Central and the West Shore.

George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central, and C. E. Lambert, General Passenger Agent of the West Shore, are both working to bring the convention here. The subscriptions for both roads must be ordered by W. H. Newman, president of the systems. That he will make the subscriptions and head the list of the railroads' pledge there is no doubt. It is said that he will announce the amounts that can be expected from his roads immediately after Christmas.

Officials of the other roads who have been asked what amounts their roads will subscribe have all said that they would give the same amount given by the New York Central or the West Shore.

In accepting places on the committee that is working to bring the convention here both Mr. Crimmins and Mr. Fornes will receive pledges for funds to be added to the original amount subscribed by The Evening World.

MR. CRIMMINS ENTHUSIASTIC.

In speaking of what he was willing to do and what he would do toward getting the convention, Mr. Crimmins said:

"I am only too glad to act on this committee. I will not only devote time to getting it in New York, but when the National Committee meets in Washington I will go there and present New York's claim. I will appear before the National Committee for that very purpose."

New York's chances for getting the convention are becoming stronger each day. The announcement of John R. McLean, National Committeeman from Ohio, that New York ought to have the convention and that he would work and vote for this city, will have the effect of throwing much strength New York's way.

"I believe that the Democratic chances for success would be greatly added to," said Mr. McLean, "by enthusing the people of the State of New York to such a pitch that New York would be taken out of the list of doubtful States. But, aside from this fact, New York is entitled to the convention. If I have my way New York will get the convention."

M'ADOO IS LEARNING; WON'T TALK JUST NOW

New Police Commissioner Says He May Talk About Enforcement of the Excise Law After He Assumes Office.

William McAdoo has no Christmas present to give the public in the shape of a declaration of what he intends to do when he becomes Police Commissioner. "I realize that it is the most difficult department in the city to manage," said Mr. McAdoo, "therefore I am not going off at half-cock and tell what I intend to do until I know what the conditions are. I don't think this is a good time to brag."

"I have nothing to say as to what policy I shall pursue. I may have a statement to make about the enforcement of the Excise Law after I become Commissioner, but not now. I may favor the three-penny system after I have had an opportunity to study the matter, but as yet I am not prepared to give an opinion. I am a student of the Police Department now and am learning as fast as I can."

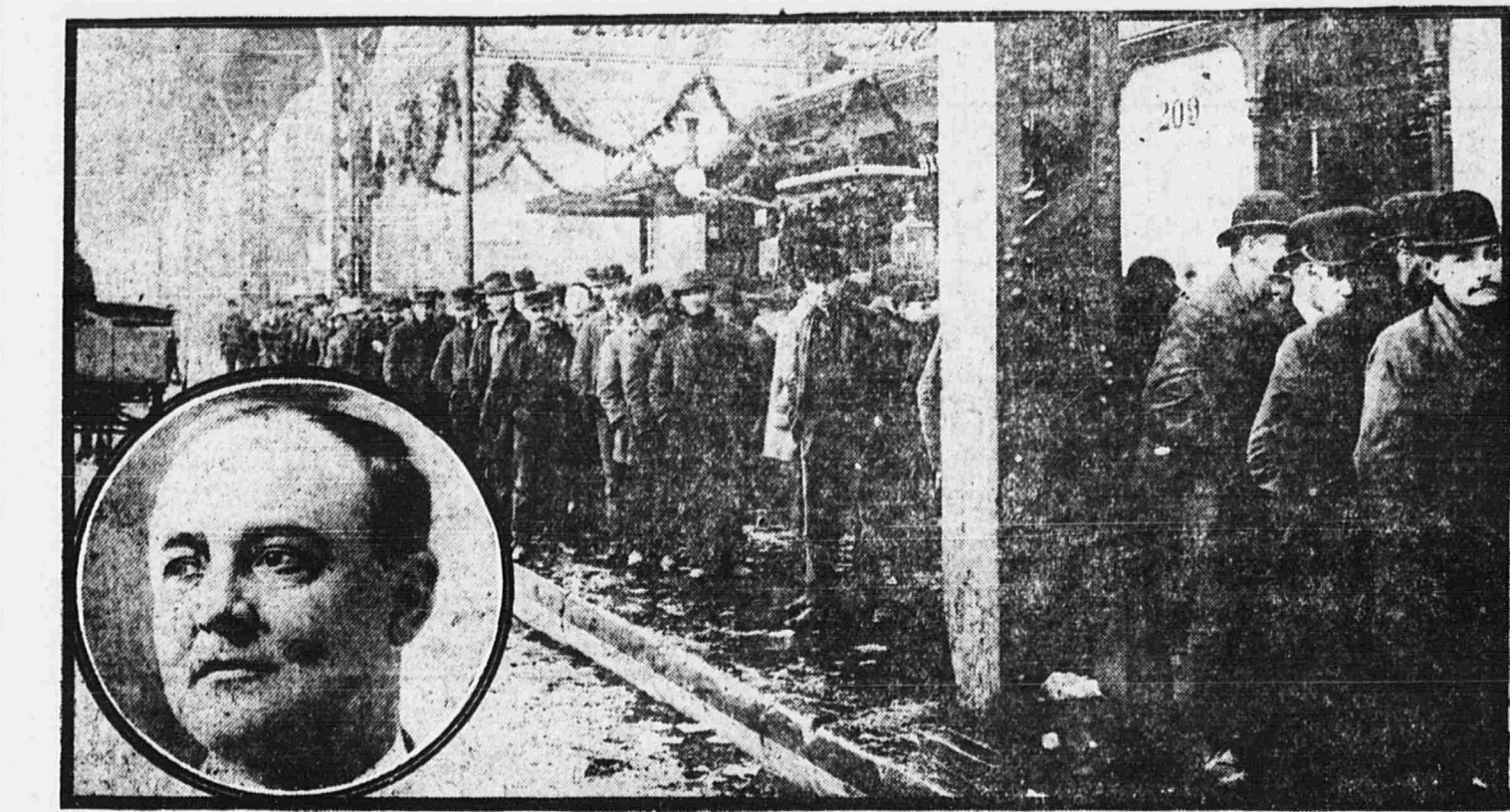
Mr. McAdoo further said that he expects to deal frankly with the public through the newspapers. "If I cannot say anything I shall certainly not mislead."

HURRYING TROOP-SHIPS FOR SERVICE

Orders from Washington to "Frisco Transport Officials to Have Sherman and Buford in Readiness for Call."

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—Orders have been received from Washington for transport officials to get the troops Sherman and Buford in readiness.

SCENE AT THE BOUNTIFUL DINNER GIVEN BY "BIG TIM" SULLIVAN IN ASSOCIATION CLUB-HOUSE TO HUNGRY MEN OF THE BOWERY.



Tim D. Sullivan.

"BIG TIM'S" FEAST FOR THE BOWERY

Congressman Feeds 5,000 of the Hungry of the East Side and Sends Them All Away Happy.

"BIG TIM'S" MENU.

4,000 loaves of bread.
350 gallons of coffee.
5,000 pounds of turkey.
2,500 mince pies.
8 barrels potato salad.
4 barrels celery.
50 kegs of beer.

The annual Bowery food-feast tendered to the poor of the Sixth and Eighth Assembly Districts by Senator Timothy D. Sullivan came to pass today, and 5,000 men blessed the practical charity of "Big Tim" and called him the real thing. For eight hours the tables of the hungry against the provisions of the feast were laid, and at the close there wasn't enough left of the provisions to furnish entertainment for the appetite of a hungry bird.

In the main room of the club-house of the Timothy D. Sullivan Association, at No. 207 Bowery, three long tables were laid. The tablecloths were not of the finest linen and the service was not of silver, but the guests of the Senator were not looking for accessories. They were in quest of food, and a sufficiency of eatables and drinkables coupled with a proper supply of knives and forks and spoons proved to be eminently satisfactory.

Caterer Wolf, of the Dewey Theatre, had charge of the distribution of the Christmas dinners, and the election district captains of the Sixth and Eighth Assembly Districts took care of the crowds. These captains had been through their districts for days, seeking out the deserving and extending invitations.

Stomachs Empty, Hearts Hopeful. Before 8 o'clock in the morning there was a line extending down the Bowery from the club-house to Broome street. From every direction men with empty stomachs and hopeful hearts swarmed to the Bowery.

Alderman Timothy P. Sullivan was in direct command of all the Sullivan lieutenants. He was at the club-house soon after daylight superintending arrangements. Mr. Baker Calvert, treasurer of the Sullivan Association, William Delf, the secretary, and Johnnie White were the active aides of the Alderman. They lined up at the head of the table when the doors were opened for the first rush, intending to serve 500 gallons of coffee, 500 pounds of turkey, 2,500 mince pies, 8 barrels of potato salad, 4 barrels of celery and 50 kegs of beer.

Against the arrival of the guests there had been accumulated 4,000 loaves of bread, 350 gallons of coffee, 5,000 pounds of turkey, 2,500 mince pies, 8 barrels of potato salad, 4 barrels of celery and 50 kegs of beer.

The men were admitted and fed in squads of 20, and it was remarkable how quickly they got away with their food and made way for the next squad waiting on the outside. Charles White, the famous referee of prize-fights, gave the signals for the changing of the squads at the tables.

Mr. White, with his hat on, stood at the end of the room under a cluster of electric lights. When it was deemed time for 300 at the tables to vacate and make places for 300 more Mr. White removed his hat and waved his hand. He was illuminated as though flooded by a searchlight and the others recognized him. The men who were waiting outside dropped in and the next squad of 300 was admitted. A Senator Sullivan was given a greeting that made the windows rattle from Housatonic street east enough at once when he made his appearance. The big idol of the Bowery blushed and tried to excuse himself by saying that he was not a guest, but he was all right. He proved too much for him and he bolted. Occasionally his guests became so vociferous in their demands for his presence that he was forced to appear and murmur that he hoped they were enjoying themselves.

During the day many Tammany leaders and a number of professional people visited the clubhouse and mingled with the guests. Actors and actresses, politicians and men of business, bankers, sportsmen and men of letters, all enjoyed the acquaintance of the "Big Tim" and the feast. The feast was a success to one of the biggest and most successful Sullivan Christmas dinners.

Of course, some of the guests regretted the first man who tried to excuse himself by saying that he was not a guest. He was about to throw him out, but the Senator would not allow it. "Let them eat," he ordered, "let them come back."



At Dinner.

"LITTLE TIM" SULLIVAN.

WANTS TO GIVE AWAY HER BABY

Deserted by Husband, Mrs. Sarah Pernico Is Anxious to Part with Infant So She Can Go to Work.

Deserted by her husband and destitute at a time when poverty is never felt so keenly, Mrs. Sarah Pernico wants to give away her mite of a six-week-old baby to any one who will promise to love him and give him the care that she cannot. Her poor mother's heart is breaking, but she must make the sacrifice and go out to work.

Such a Christmas present for some one! A rose-decked, dimpled bit of humanity that one could almost put in a stocking, who coos and gurgles and thinks this world is one of the funniest of places—the funniest place he has ever been in.

It was less than a year ago that Mrs. Pernico came to the United States from Austria to join her husband, who had preceded her to make a home in "the new country." They had been married only a short time, and the place he provided for the young wife in Brooklyn was like a dove-cote to her.

Cannot Find Her Husband. They had lived there but a few months when the husband returned home one evening downcast and spiritless, and told his wife that he had lost his position. He said there was no use trying to find another in New York, which Mrs. Pernico thinks now was a very strange thing to say, but when he said that he would go to some other city and send for her and the baby, she went to live with friends and wait.

Since the day that Pernico left his wife she has never heard a word from him. Whether he went she has tried to learn, and there is not a trace. Sometimes she thinks he must be dead, and sometimes she thinks he is waiting for her. She has thought—and it has occurred day after day during the past month—that he intended to desert her and the child forced itself upon her mind and will not go away.

Wants to Give Baby Away. When the baby boy, whom the mother wishes to give away, came to her six weeks ago the suffering she had undergone seemed as nothing, but it was only for a little while. The unfortunate woman grew to feel that she could no longer live on the bounty of friends, and she came to the decision to-day to give away the greatest possession she can have—her first-born.

Mrs. Pernico is living with Mrs. Rose Markowitz at No. 127 East One Hundred and Tenth street, and there the Christmas gift baby is waiting for the one who will take him to their bosom and warm his tiny soul.

BOY'S LEAP FOR LIFE FROM FIRE

Youth Hemmed in by Flames at the Stables of Figge & Company, Brooklyn, Jumps Into Fireman's Arms.

Fire started in the stables of F. Figge & Co., provision dealers, Nos. 300 to 302 Pacific street, Brooklyn, to-day. The flames spread rapidly and before the Fire Department arrived the building was enveloped in smoke.

There were forty horses in the stable when the fire broke out, and only one of these was brought out of the flames alive. They were in their stalls on the second and third floors. Panic-stricken by the flames, they stampeded up and down the floor until the flames cut them off, roasting them to death.

The loss is estimated at \$10,000.

The fire started on the main floor and ate through to the repository of the wagons and the feed lots.

There were three men and a boy, Fred Hollander, of No. 460 Pacific street, in the stable at the time, and they tried at once to save the thirty horses in the stalls. The fire progressed so quickly that the men had to abandon the building. The boy had gone to the rear of the second floor and was cut off by the flames.

When the Fire Department arrived on the scene he had crawled through the smoke to the windows opening upon Pacific street.

"Catch me," he yelled; "I am going to jump!"

The firemen shouted back to him to hold on until they could get him a ladder, but the boy grew terrified at the approaching flames and took a flying leap into the street.

He was caught by Policeman Stanton, of Butler street police station, and was uninjured, save for a few bruises.

Of the thirty horses in the stable only three were saved and the rest are supposed to have been roasted to death.

Next door to Figge's stables is another owned by R. F. Stevens, a milk dealer. There were a hundred horses in his stable and they were all taken out. Three alarms were turned in, as the danger of the fire spreading was imminent at the start.

EPIDEMIC PUZZLES HEALTH EXPERTS

Passaic Board Fails to Find Cause of Typhoid Fever Raging in that City—Advises Persons to Boil Milk.

While experts from the State Board of Health are seeking the cause of the epidemic of typhoid fever in Passaic, N. J., new cases are being reported. Four more patients were yesterday added to the list that has grown so rapidly since the disease first manifested itself a little more than a week ago and the physicians have several suspicious cases under their care to-day.

Two of the new cases are in the Fourth Ward, where the greatest number have been, but the other two are far removed, showing that the disease is spreading to other parts of the city. There is the greatest fear among the residents of the town.

Assistant Secretary Hunt and Dr. John A. Leal, representing the State Board of Health, went to Passaic yesterday at the request of the local health authorities and began an investigation. Up to the present time they have failed to find the cause of the outbreak of the fever.

Although it was said that the milk supply was found to be good, the Passaic Health Board has issued a bulletin advising householders to boil the milk before using. Open and broken sewers have been found in the stricken district, although it was said they were found to be in good condition.

Miss Rodriguez to Wed Mr. Clarke.

The engagement has just been announced of Miss Mercedes Rodriguez, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rodriguez, of No. 169 Lexington avenue, to Mr. George W. Clarke, of Scranton, Pa.

Happy and Handsome.

"The way he used to look at that girl when years ago she came up the steps of a morning" would make your heart glad. She would color up as pretty as a peach and they'd go off as happy and handsome a pair as you'd see all day long.

"Well, after a time he stopped comin' and the other fellow showed up often."

"It was none of my business, of course, but I was sorry to see it."

"The girl didn't look happy. She seemed worried. By and by the color faded and she looked like a ghost. I did not know what to do. I remembered how at first she used to hop up the stairs and nod to me as she went by. I did not think she didn't get enough to eat—she looked so peaked-like, and her eyes were real heavy and black."

"Sometimes she didn't seem to see me at all as she went through the station."

"Then one day she didn't come at all, nor the next, nor the next."

TICKET-CHOPPER TELLS A STORY OF CHRISTMAS

Narrates a Tale of Love and Trouble and Despair and Triumph as He Watched It While Attending His Box.

By Josephine Robb.

"Somebody has to be here to take the tickets on Christmas, same as any other day, and it might as well be me," said the old ticket-chopper at one of the elevated stations in the neighborhood of the shopping district last night.

He had no idea of emulating the Floradora sextet in his remarks, nor, on the other hand, was there any bid for sympathy or ostentatious assumption of patient resignation in his expression. He simply stated a plain fact in a matter-of-course sort of way, a cheerful grin on his face meanwhile, as he watched with alert scrutiny the box over which he stood guard.

He was a man considerably over sixty, large in build and with grizzled mustache and keen blue eyes. He limped a bit when he walked—the result of a railway accident a few years previously, so he said.

"Ticket!" he called, to a hurrying passenger, who, the little pasteboard held tightly between his fingers, forgot all about the box.

"Yes'm, I've got no folks, and there ain't no Christmas without folks, so I'd rather be workin' here than thinkin' all day long of how I'd like to spend the day."

Willie to Work. "There's plenty of younger men glad to get the day off—or a part of it—so I might as well take the place of one of 'em."

It was not a rush hour, and the old man had more leisure to talk than usual.

"Oh, yes'm, I used to have my home and family, but they're all gone now. It's the natural course of things, you know."

"Mother—that was my wife; I always called her mother—she's dead now these fifteen years. My children—those that lived to grow up—are married and living far away from here."

"Chop! Chop!" methodically chanted the machine.

"I live in a little room—not a bad little room—far over on the east side. An old woman cleans for me once a week and I get my own breakfast."

"Lonesome? Perhaps; but old people are bound to be that. The world's made for young folks, you know. And I've had my day. I'm lucky to get this job."

Yes'm, I certainly am.

"And do you know, m'm, I get a deal of satisfaction just a-watchin' other people's doings?"

"You know, there's a lot of folks gets on and off at the same station every day at regular times, so you get to know them and wonderin' about them; and you miss them, too, if they don't show up."

"Many's the story I've watched grow and grow, just a-standin' here choppin'."

Many Meetings on Station. "You know, lots o' couples regularly meet at the elevated stations, and you get to know pretty well how it stands between them."

"It's 'most time now for my favorite couple, if they're out on Christmas Eve."

"Oh, I don't mind tellin' ye."

"It's now goin' on 'most two years since I first noticed a pretty young thing gettin' on at this station every mornin' at 8 o'clock. She worked somewhere downtown, I guess, and used to come back at 6 at night."

"She was real fresh and pretty and had a bright color, at first. I thought she was from the country."

"There was a finely dressed man about thirty-five or forty, who used sometimes to come up with her at night. I didn't like his face, an' I was sorry to see the girl with him. But she didn't seem to like him, either, and shook him at the landing whenever she could, while he went back on the train goin' uptown."

"There was another young fellow that I did like. He used to meet her here and go down with her mornin's. He was well dressed, too, but had a nice, clean face and looked straight at ye with honest, kind eyes."

Happy and Handsome. "The way he used to look at that girl when years ago she came up the steps of a mornin' would make your heart glad. She would color up as pretty as a peach and they'd go off as happy and handsome a pair as you'd see all day long."

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SING SING PRISONERS GET CHRISTMAS BOXES.

OSWINGTON, N. Y., Dec. 25.—There was no holiday entertainment at Sing Sing Prison to-day, but about three hundred boxes containing Christmas gifts were received by Warden Johnson for the prisoners. In the boxes received were turkeys, chickens, plum puddings, pies and various dainties, which had been sent by relatives and friends, and these were given to the prisoners at the regular dinner hour.

Morris Sheerholtz, who was sentenced to forty-eight years' imprisonment for arson in New York City, and who has served about thirty years, received a Christmas present in the form of a commutation of his sentence by Gov. Odell, who has reduced the man's term to thirty-five years.

Warden Johnson received word to-day of the commutation of Sheerholtz, who, though he has yet to serve five years, was grateful for the reduction and seemed to look upon the period he has yet to remain in prison as a mere trifle and hardly worth considering.

On New Year's Day a vaudeville show will be provided for the prisoners, and also features of a jolly character are planned.

USE SUNDAY WORLD WANTS TO IMPROVE YOUR POSITION.



Chronicles of WORLD-WANT TOWN—LXXII. MARY HAD A LITTLE WANT. SHE LED IT UP AND DOWN: UNTIL SHE THOUGHT OF MAKING IT AT HOME IN WORLD-WANT TOWN. WHEN, LO! THAT LITTLE WANT WHICH FORMS THE SUBJECT OF THIS STANZA TURNED OUT TO BE HENCEFORTH FOR HER A GENUINE BONANZA.

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